

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,
By RUSSELL EATON,
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EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

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MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIV.

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N. 52.

"A leading requisite, to which the attention should be directed, is that the tree, after removal, be similarly situated as regards the roots and the supply from them, as before."

"The roots of evergreens are frequently more fragile than those of other trees, hence it is very hard to get them entire if separated from the soil which enveloped them. And hence it becomes quite important to remove the soil with them. We have set out large numbers of white pines, American Arbor Vitæ, [these are the cedars of Maine,] and other evergreens from the woods from five to twenty feet in height, and scarcely ever lost one of them. We have on the other hand, seen hundreds of much less size, set out by others, and in some instances not one in fifty survived removal. In the first instance large circular cakes of earth adhered to the roots, in the other they were taken bare from the soil. In some successful instances alluded to, two or three hundred pounds of earth remained on the roots of single trees; but for trees five or six feet high, ten or fifteen pounds are enough. Where they are to be carried on a wagon to a distance, the earth will be found to adhere better, without being jolted off, if the trees are selected from mucky places, or from borders of swamps, and these do well removed to uplands. [Wetting the earth with water, as a furnace man does his sand for moulding, will make it more adhesive.] But this is not very essential provided they are carefully taken up, and the earth properly secured by wrapping or packing."

"In no case whatever did we ever know an evergreen tree to be lost by transplanting, where a full-sized circle of earth was removed in contact with the roots."

"As a general guide to the weight or size of this circle, it should be heavy enough to prevent the tree from blowing down, after it is set out, without staking."

"Mr. Thomas also gives some good rules in regard to the operation of setting out the trees when obtained. After observing that the roots of evergreens are commonly confined to the surface, he says, 'in setting them out, it is best to retain that shallowness provided other requisites are secured. That is, if set shallow, a full supply of moisture (where little or no earth adheres to the trees) should be maintained by a thorough admixture of muck with the soil on which they stand; a covering of leaves to retain the moisture in irrigation of the natural coating in the woods must not be omitted. Watering, if necessary, must be freely and repeatedly given.'

"He also observes that 'if the requisites just mentioned for maintaining moisture cannot be fully attained, it is better to set the tree deeper with matted roots, and the soil to be well and closely settled among the roots by throwing in water.'

PROSPECTS OF THE WOOL-GROWERS.

The manufacturing class in this country are skillful managers, but none more so than the owners of the woolen mills. It was for some time a standing riddle with the owners of flocks in this country, how it could possibly happen that under a tariff framed by such zealous friends of American industry as the mill owners and their agents, there was no market for American wool. At last the keepers of the sheep in our pastoral districts began to discover that vast quantities of wool were introduced from South America, in a great part of a very fine quality, costing very little at the place from which it was imported, clogged with dirt, and paying only a nominal duty at our custom houses. The cheap wool took the place of the fleeces shorn from our own flocks, and supplied the greater part of our mills with the raw material for their fabrics. But we believe that while the truth in relation to this matter has never been told, it has never been generally known that these excellent friends of the wool-growers, the Boston manufacturers, themselves maintain large flocks of sheep in Brazil. Here, in a mild climate, which never knows the frosts of winter, and amid a pasture where nothing fails, they are reared and fed with scarce any expense except the wages of the shepherds and their dogs. We have heard the name of a man in Boston, a great name among mill owners—who is also the Damietta of the Brazils, and owns a flock of thirty thousand sheep pastured among the mountains. The wool from that region is brought to this country in large cargoes, invoiced as wool of the lowest price, and has hitherto paid the slight duty of five per cent, ad valorem.

We need not say how much our hands and the hands of all who are engaged in disseminating useful practical knowledge, would be strengthened by such an accession of numbers. The great work would prosper with accelerated velocity, and our State rise with unexampled rapidity to that zenith of greatness which is sooner or later destined to reach. Take hold then, brothers, with strong hands and faithful hearts, and help in the good work of enlightening, improving, and elevating one and all in Maine, to the highest point of industrial power and moral grandeur.

TRANSPLANTING EVERGREENS.

Every one likes to have a few of these beautiful trees around his buildings. Aside from their beauty, a belt of them would be a protection from the north winds in the winter, and afford a grateful shade in summer. They have generally been considered as rather difficult to be removed successfully. It is true that they are different in their texture and habits from what are called deciduous trees. Their roots are more brittle, and they do not become accommodated to change of situation, in regard to difference of soil and exposure, as well as the other kind of trees.

We were once very successful in transplanting a few of this kind of trees by doing it when the ground was frozen, thereby securing a generous clump of earth around the roots. We find in the last number of the Horticulturist, that J. J. Thomas, a very skilful nurseryman and cultivator of Macedon, N. Y., recommends a similar mode. We extract the following from his remarks.

"The opinion seems generally to prevail that under the new tariff, which imposes a duty of 50 per cent upon all imported wool, the rearing of sheep in this country will prove a profitable business. For our own part we do not feel very certain of this, while the eastern mill owners enter into competition with our farmers, and become owners of large flocks in S. America.

In Brazil, and other thinly peopled regions of that part of the continent, the rent of land is very little; the rudest shelter will serve the flock, and no provision of food is necessary for the winter, beyond the herbage in the ground. The Yankee proprietor of flocks in Brazil will take care, of course, that the quality of the wool shall be improved by every method of cross breeding which will answer the purpose, and enter it at our custom houses, estimated in the invoice at the real cost of producing it and transporting it to the coast, which can be very little. A duty of 50 per cent on its value might give the revenue one or two cents on every pound of wool imported—a deduction from the profits of the Brazilian wool-grower much less, we should

DAVID L. P. MCCLANE.

[Georgia Journal.]

think, than the cost of feeding and tending sheep through our severe winter. [N. Y. Post.]

NOTE. We obtained some of this S. American wool last year, to shew to our wool-growers in Maine. It is finer than any that our wool-growers can produce. It was impossible for any wool-grower in the Union to compete with it under the tariff of 1842. It is equally impossible for them to compete with it under the tariff of '46. A few figures will prove this. Suppose this wool be entered at the custom office at 7 cents value, and there is a duty on it of 50 per cent. The duty will amount to 2 cents and one mill per pound, so that the cost of the wool to the manufacturer will amount to 9 cents and one mill per pound. It is true it is dirty, but the loss in cleansing will not bring the actual cost of it to the manufacturer up to more than half of what the same quality of wool would, grown with us. The truth is,—the manufacturer has always got the better of the farmer in every tariff.

ED. MR. FAR.

HINTS ON POTATO CULTURE. Mr. Holmes— I think I can say one thing on the subject of potato raising that might be to the advantage of your readers at this time, as we have and are about experiencing Meton's cycles, or a series of warm seasons until after 1850. Long continued warm weather causes potatoes to run to vines, hence large vines and small potatoes. It seems that no degree of warmth will cause the variety called Philadelphias to make large vines, while other sorts run largely to vines. Experience teaches that this sort have yielded the most to the acre when they were planted as thick as they would grow. In consequence of their small tops or vines, they ought to be planted much thicker than many other sorts; and they most certainly have sold for the greatest price during the past season, and probably will continue to do so.

December, 1846. WINTHROP.

THAT RAM. A farmer in Maine recently disposed of a two year old ram to a *drawer* for eight dollars! The beast was a noble one—large, possessing good "points," and what is of far more consequence, of a good breed. w.

SUGGESTION. Farmers who use large kettles for cooking food for hogs and other animals, also manufacturers who use them for dyeing and cleansing their stuffs, or for the manufacture of Sugar, Oil, Soap, or any other purpose requiring a large consumption of fuel to keep them boiling, would do well to test the principle of draft and ventilation, in setting their apparatus, as applied by Mr. McGregor, to his Ventilating Stove, and by Mr. Mott, to his Ventilator, for School Houses and other buildings. This may be done as follows:

To set a three barrel kettle for burning wood, leave an opening in the mason work to receive the same, of at least 10 by 12 inches, and place an iron door that will shut tight, or nearly so, with a small damper in it near the bottom of the furnace. Let the escape flue be opposite, and open on a level with the hearth or bottom of the door, with only about two by eight inches in the opening. Put a damper or tight door in the back side of the pipe or chimney just above the escape flue from the arch, twice as large as the flue, which, when the fire is well ignited, may be opened sufficiently to check the draft through the fire and yet carry off the gas and smoke. When the wood is completely charred, the damper in the door may be quite closed and the draft of fresh air up the chimney through the back opening will keep the fire alive and the kettle boiling for hours in succession.

When coal is to be used, the only difference in the arrangement necessary, will be in the grate and door. The escape or smoke flue should be brought as low as possible and the chimney or pipe much larger than the flue. [N. Y. Farmer.]

USE OF LIME.

MR. EDITOR—Believing that the following may be of service to Farmers, I feel it my duty to let them know it.

The question is frequently asked me, why it is that the worm never injures my cotton, whilst that of my neighbors is ruined? And why is it that I raise more wheat to the acre, and that no disease or insect ever affects it? I can only say that it is from the use of Lime.

For several years past, I have used Lime as a manure on my wheat and cotton—on my wheat by sowing it broad cast, and on my cotton by putting it in the drill. I used from two to three barrels of Lime to the acre.

I find that the abundance it produced by the use of Lime, over and above what it otherwise would produce, more than paid me for the money advanced for the Lime the first year, not

saying anything about the advantage to be derived from the same lime for years afterwards, as a manure, as it becomes impregnated in the land, and takes years for it to become wasted;

and also the fact of its being a preventive of insects and diseases of all kinds. Why is it that it prevents the worm and insects, is for others to answer, who know the properties of lime better than I do.

This year my neighbor L.—'s cotton field adjoined mine, nothing but a fence between; his crop was partially destroyed with the worm, whilst mine was not injured.

This has been the case for several years, even since I have used lime, while my neighbor L.— used none. I have had the same demonstrations in my wheat, which has forced me to believe that it was from the use of lime.

There is no doubt but that the lime goes farther, and answers the same purpose, by using it with muck, peat, or compost, but I have been so well paid by using the raw lime that I have never tried it any other way.

My lime has cost me one dollar and fifty cents per barrel.

I believe that it could and ought to be furnished for less, but Farmers can well afford to pay one dollar and fifty cents per lime as a manure, at least this is my experience.

Yours respectfully,

DAVID L. P. MCCLANE.

KENNEBEC AG. SOCIETY, 1846.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

On Working Oxen.

The committee on working oxen submit the following report:

A large number of oxen was entered, many of which did not appear to exhibit their pretensions, though enough were put on trial to create a spirited competition, and the merits and claims of the competing animals were such as to make the committee feel most sensibly that a sound discriminating judgment, exercised in a spirit of candor and disinterestedness, was necessary to a right conclusion on their respective excellencies. Rarely is a yoke of oxen exhibited at a drawing match, that does not possess some desirable properties—some claims to especial notice. But while one pair excels in some points, another equally excels in some others quite as valuable. An important constituent in a working ox is strength. But strength without an ability to use it, falls to a level with weakness; therefore, size and native strength are no guarantee of effective power. But with man, "science is strength;" so brute force, scientifically directed by man, becomes available productive power. Hence the importance of discipline and good training in working oxen. Therefore, guided by these principles, when in an examination of many pairs of oxen, all of high pretensions, we find a pair possessing at least an average share of the natural constituents of the rate of ox, and which, by superior training, are made comparatively more efficient and able to perform, readily and with ease, what others of equal size and weight can only accomplish by awkward and laborious efforts, we consider them clearly entitled to the first place, and render judgment accordingly.

With these views we have awarded the premiums as follows: 1st premium to G. W. Haines of Readfield; 2d do. to Charles McFadden of Vassalboro'; 3d do. Ethel Cummings of Augusta; 4th do. to Bradford Sawtelle of Sidney.

For the satisfaction of those interested we remark, that the very best drawing at the match was performed by a Bull, owned by Amos Rollins of Belgrade. His performances were wonderful, throwing quite into the shade all the exploits of every thing in the shape of oxen. But though evidently a most admirable and efficient worker, he could not, by any fair construction or plausible implication, be taken and considered as a working ox, much less a pair of oxen, and consequently was not within our jurisdiction, so that whatever might be his merits we could do nothing for him, but were compelled, by the circumstances of the case, to "leave him alone in his glory."

I. C. GIFFORD, J. S. STURGIS, F. FAUHT, Committee.

On Fat Cattle and Sheep.

Your committee regret that so few entries were made for the Society's premium on Fat Cattle and Sheep. The severe drought with which we have been visited is the reason made by many farmers for the delinquency on their part.

Two pairs of cattle were offered for our examination. We award the first premium to Benj. Bailey, of Sidney, and the second premium to Bradford Sawtelle, of Sidney.

No sheep were offered for our examination, and no premium is, of course, awarded.

SHUBEL BAKER, Per Order.

SELECTING FINE FRUIT.

There are several qualities to be taken into consideration, in deciding what fruits are most worthy of cultivation in the orchard and garden. Excellence of flavor is of course the first and only important requisite, while productiveness, uniformity in quality, a fair surface, free and vigorous growth, and even large size and handsome appearance, are all to be taken into account.

A very few fruits have all these together; in such cases the task of selection is not difficult. But such instances being extremely rare, it becomes necessary to choose by balancing advantages and defects.

No fruit of inferior flavor is ever to be regarded as first rate. A very prevalent disposition is to judge mainly by external appearance. Hence the Twenty Ounce apple, the Alexander, Maiden's Blush, and Red Astrachan, stand quite as high in reputation as other varieties of decidedly inferior quality. Yet they are not all to be summarily rejected. The Red Astrachan is a free growing tree, a good bearer, quite early, of large size and great beauty of appearance, qualities which, in some degree, at least, counterbalance its somewhat coarse texture and austere flavor.

The Alexander is also of free growth, and though only second rate richness in flavor, is always fair, and a fine bearer. The Maiden's Blush is a most abundant bearer, and the fruit uniformly fair and handsome, and of delicate texture, but it is sadly deficient in richness of flavor—so much so, that even swine, who soon become good judges, seem to hold it in decided contempt, while they get other good varieties by its side.

The Twenty Ounce apple has been highly praised at Boston; but independent of large and fine appearance, and great productiveness, it appears to possess but little merit.

Even for cooking, it is inferior, unless an artificial flavor is given to it by sugar and spices. The disposition to admire and extol large and handsome fruit is exhibited among other kinds.

If the Bolmar plum were no larger than a Green Gage, it would be little known; the large Red Check Melocoton and Lemon Cling, have depended

for much of their celebrity on their celebrity on their size; and even Crawford's Early would be a little curtailed in its reputation for quality, if it were no larger than an Early Ann.

On the other hand, the Seckel pear, the richest of all pears, is of dull appearance, small size, and slow growth—the latter quality however, securing it from the fire-blight.

Buffington's Early has scarcely an equal among early apples, in flavor and texture; but it never bears good crops.

The Sine Qua Non apple, and the Early Tiltonson peach are excellent bearers, and of the best flavor, but the young trees in the nursery are

of slow and scrubby growth. Hence, notwithstanding their great value, they will always be unpopular among nurserymen, though they grow freely when they become larger. For as buyers of fruit usually prefer specimens of showy appearance; so buyers of trees commonly show most respect to those of large and handsome growth merely.

The number of varieties of fair or handsome appearance, free growth, and of first rate quality, is very small. It includes the Yellow Harvest, Late Strawberry, and Gravenstein apples; the Madeleine, Bloodgood, Virgina, and perhaps the Bartlett pear; Hulme's superb plum; and a part of the early, and most of the medium and late peaches, best known for their excellent qualities.

It is a little singular that some varieties of slow growth in the nursery rows, afterwards become large trees in the orchard, as the Esopus Spitzenburgh and Fall Pippin. On the other hand, some of the most handsome, straight, and rapidly growing sorts while young, always remain rather small trees, as the Late Strawberry, and Tallman Sweeting.

The object, principally, of these remarks, is to direct more attention to securing fine flavor and quality, in making selections; and to discourage the common error, of looking too much at large size and showy appearance. Until this object is attained, fruit culture must always be at a low ebb; we shall never see fine fruit gardens so long a Pound-Sweeting or a Twenty-Ounce is preferred to a Swan or a Rambo; or a pumpkin or a mammoth squash to a Green Gage, or a Seckel. [Albany Cultivator.]

*It is not intended here to say that rapid growth alone is always most liable to the attacks of this malady. Some varieties ripen their wood early, which being also of compact texture, they nearly always escape. Others, though perhaps less thrifty, have spongey or succulent wood, ripening badly; and they frequently suffer.

*Early Tiltonson trees of several years growth, standing side by side with other peach trees noted as thrifty when young, and all treated precisely alike, are as tall as of the others.

THEORY OF MANURE.

Mr. EDITOR:—

"When Doctors disagree,
Disciples then are free."

I was exceedingly pleased with an article in your paper for July 1st, "prepared manures, &c." The theory of that article, (see 2d.) is interesting; that plants thrive best on the decaying matter of their own species. On turning to a discourse delivered before the Historical Society of Ohio, by Gen. Garrison, the farmer of Ohio, of log cabin memory, I find that he asserts the contrary.

THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, DEC. 24, 1846.

PROSPECTUS OF THE MAINE FARMER

FOR 1847.

The Publisher of the *Maine Farmer*, grateful for its liberal encouragement that he has received since he commenced its publication, begs leave to state to his friends and the public, that he commences the XVth Volume under more flattering prospects than he has had at any previous time.

Owing to the generous support that has been extended to him, he is enabled to assure you that he has made preparations to enlarge the size, and embellish it with a newly engraved head, and furnish it with much new type. It will then be the largest paper in the County of Kennebec, and he hopes that its annual circulation will be as great as any other in the Union. He hopes, too, that not only as continuance of present contributors, but a large accession of new ones, will indemnify him for the heavy expenditure that he has thus far made to present the Farmers, Mechanics, and Citizens of Maine, with a large and respectable Paper, devoted exclusively to their interests, and one of which they shall not be ashamed.

For the last fourteen years, the *Farmer* has steadily and unwaveringly advocated the claims of the Productive Classes to the respect and consideration of all. With untiring devotion to the glory and honor of the State, it has urged upon all the duty of elevating those classes by cultivating both the mind and the soul, and by bringing into notice and practical operation the advantages and resources which God has given to the land which we inherit and in which our "lines have fallen."

From feeble beginnings it has risen to strength and influence. From the patronage of only two hundred friends, who looked upon the experiment as one of doubtful success, it now numbers its lists by thousands; and if indefatigable industry, and devotion to the cause it espouses, will, it is earnestly hoped that these thousands will be doubled, many, quenched, for these many thousands yet in Maine into whose hands it has never entered, and to whose families it has never been made welcome.

Cuts and Engravings will be occasionally inserted, hereafter, to illustrate subjects of interest to readers, and every exertion made to publish a paper that shall give satisfaction to its patrons; and he confidently calls upon his old friends to aid him by introducing it to those who have not as yet subscribed for it.

TERMS—the same as heretofore—viz: \$2.00 per annum; \$1.75 in advance.

Any person procuring six good subscribers, shall receive the *Farmer* one year gratis.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Eighteen hundred and forty-six years ago, a couple of poor and humble travellers, a man and his wife, stopped at an inn in Bethlehem, one of the cities of Judea, and because "was no room for them at the inn," they were compelled to repair to the stable for shelter. In this uncomfortable place a child was born unto them, which "was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." No one seemed to care enough for them. None troubled themselves about them. They were poor and humble and lowly, and while the more able and more fortunate fared sumptuously at the public house, and were served in the best style, these poor people were left to take care of themselves and their first born son as they could. The straw was that infant's couch—the manger his cradle, and the people passed by careless and heedless, and the stall occupied the place where the babe lay.

The man, who could not command interest enough, or had not influence sufficient to procure decent lodgings was not worth their attention, and whether his child lived or died, was, apparently, no concern of theirs. "That humble mother, the lowly stable, the manger, the poorness and obscurity of the place, the absence of all public rejoicing, declared it to be no earthly prince that was born, the joy of his royal father and the hope of nations; but only an infant, who might in future years have nowhere to lay his head, and might live and die unknown."

But in another part of God's universe there was a different scene. Even among the celestial host there was a thrill of joy and a marshalling of bright angels, and songs and shouts of Hosannas and thanksgivings, even heavenly rejoicings that the time had come when a Saviour and Redeemer had been born among the sons of men, Emmanuel—the Shiloh foretold by the seers of old—Christ the Son of God. The city of Bethlehem knew it not—the people, in whose very midst this long looked for prophecy was fulfilling never dreamed of the wonderful event then taking place among them, or of the untold and unspeakable blessings that were then descending from the throne of Jehovah upon all mankind. But afar, upon yonder plains, were the shepherds of Judea, with their flocks resting about them. In simple guise, as they reclined upon the earth, did they scan the heavens, when lo! a star of increasing splendor shot up from the east, startling and astonishing them with its brilliant rays as it rose with dazzling fulgence over the gloom and darkness that till then had enshrouded the earth. And hark! as they gazed, voices of angelic sweetness came from the choirs above, echoing through the stillness of night and singing "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." In that lowly stable—in that humble manger, was laid the Saviour and Redeemer of the world. There to those poor parents was born a son "upon whose shoulders shall be the government and whose name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, FATHER OF ETERNITY, the Prince of Peace." And when they sought him, "lo! the star which they saw in the East went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

Every one should know something of his own system. It would lead him to a rational management of his health and faculties, and ensure him a greater measure of health and strength, and by consequence a stronger and more sound mind. We commend it to parents and teachers.

It is sold by D. C. Stanwood, Market Square, Augusta.

SIX BEST APPLES FOR THE CLIMATE OF BOSTON. Mr. B. V. French, a very observing and skillful pomologist of Braintree, Mass., in a communication to the Horticulturist, recommends where a person can have but six kinds of apples, to obtain the following: 1st, Early Harvest; 2d, Porter; 3d, Faneuse, (or Pomme du Neige of Downing's book); 4th, Rhode Island Greening; 5th, White Seeknother; 6th, Baldwin.

A DAY BEGINNING. We have, while writing this article, very good sleighing north of Augusta, and the weather is sufficiently cold; but the streams and springs are very low. Many wells in our vicinity are entirely dry.

We are sorry that our brother Jewell has met with loss and suspension of business, and bespeak for him the sympathies of the public. We are informed that there was but little insurance upon the property.

WASHINGTON, though a passable scholar, as the times went, was by no means a great conversationalist. His colloquial powers, on the contrary, were exceedingly limited. So were those of Franklin and Jefferson. Rousseau, although one of the most beautiful and classic writers, could not "talk." The same defect—if defect it be, was discoverable in Dryden, the father of British criticism, and who, in allusion to this fact, remarks—

"Nor love nor wise could ever see me gay,

To writing bred, I know not what to say."

AGRICULTURAL REPORTS. The editor of a local paper in Louisiana, apologizes to his patrons, in his first number, for his obvious remissness in the supervision of his Farming department, but promises to lay before them, in future numbers, the most approved methods of

"Salting pork, curing hams,
Shearing sheep, and raising lambs,
Making cotton, curing hay,
Building fence—et cetera."

GUN COTTON. Experiments are still being made with this new explosive. Dr. S. L. Dana, of Lowell, publishes in the Lowell Courier, that with ten ounces of the gun cotton, a blast was made in a rock that lifted 1125 cubic feet, or about 70 tons. From ten to twelve pounds of powder would have been required to raise the same. [Traveller.]

A DANGEROUS LEAK. A fellow by the name of John Anderson, Boothbay, was totally destroyed by fire on Monday last. Insured for \$500, at the Thomaston Mutual Office.

LOSS OF SHIP PLATINA, OF BATH, ME. A letter from Key West, dated Dec. 2d, reports that ship Platina, Woodworth, from New Orleans for Cadiz, with a cargo of staves, sprung a leak and was run ashore on Caryford Reef, Nov. 27th. At the time she struck she had about six feet of water in her hold. Her materials were saved by the wreckers and carried to Key west, together with the officers and crew. The hull was sold at auction for \$305, the cargo now on board for \$505, and the materials for \$150, subject to the salvage of the wreckers. [Traveller.]

FIRE IN BOOTHBAY. The dwelling house of Mr. John Anderson, Boothbay, was totally destroyed by fire on Monday last. Insured for \$500, at the Thomaston Mutual Office.

love to God and love to the neighbor, exclaim with the Poet—

"The Saviour comes! We lean upon his arm,
And resting there find strength amid our woe;
The tempest ceases, that filled us with alarm,
And o'er the burning plains the fountain flows.
No more the storms assail, the thunders roll,
But angels' songs are heard, and pleasures fill the soul."

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Such was the injunction of one of the greatest philanthropists the world ever saw, and whose teachings it should ever be our aim and effort to obey. At this desolate season, how many are the pallid faces and sunken cheeks that appeal to us daily; the trembling urchin in his tattered habiliments—the famished widow, straining in vain for the wherewithal to sustain life, and the poor shivering female, whose outcast lot has made her an alien to human sympathies, and turned her forth unguarded to battle with the elements and die, it may be, in the streets, remind us that however binding this divine injunction may be at all times, it is now peculiarly emphatic—one that should be, and, by the charitable, assuredly will be obeyed.

No one knows how soon his lot may be reversed. In its unceasing revolutions, the wheel of fortune may some day place him among the poor. How many, at this very moment, are languishing in all the horrors of most abject destitution, who were once rich in this world's goods, and on whose lips dwelt in perpetual sweetness the self-deluding promise—"To-morrow shall be as this day, and more abundant." "Remember the poor!" In yonder gloomy prison, there lies one who made gold his idol. He forgot the needy in his distress, and the appeals of the wretched woke no echo in his heart. He was not his "brother's keeper," so he hoarded up his surplus lucra in his coffers, and permitted the dying and the destitute to meet their doom; but as he "meted unto them, even so has it been meted unto him." Not a ray of affection cheers now the gloom of his prison walls. Left alone with the fearful phantoms of the past, how agonizing is his remorse. "Remember the poor"—clothe the naked, feed the hungry, minister to the distressed, and their prayers and blessings will fall upon your head like rich incense, more desirable than gold or jewels. [W.]

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT. An accident of a most heart rending nature occurred last Thursday, at the Scythe Factory, at North Wayne. Mr. Geo. H. Williams, and one of their most worthy and skillful operators, was killed by the bursting of a grindstone on which he had just placed a piece of work that he had been making. Mr. Williams was employed in making dies, and had just prepared one for grinding, when he went to the stone and requested the person usually employed there to take his scythe off and let him grind a moment. The man left to make room, and hardly had Mr. Williams laid his work upon it, than the stone burst, and a portion weighing a ton, passed up through the floor and roof of the building, carrying Mr. W. with it. It was all the work of an instant. When taken up he was senseless, and he died in about thirty minutes. Mr. Williams was a native of Readfield, and son of Elder Williams, a member of the Methodist church—an ingenious mechanic, an estimable citizen, a kind devoted husband, and a Christian. He was buried in Readfield, on Sunday last. The funeral was attended by a vast concourse of sympathizing citizens, and his remains were attended to the grave by the workmen of the establishment, and a numerous procession of the members of the order of Odd Fellows, of which fraternity he was a beloved and highly esteemed brother.

A NEW BOOK. We have received a copy of a new work entitled *Common School Physiology*. This is a neat duodecimo volume of 320 pages, designed for schools and families, by Calvin Cutler, M. D.

All who have heard Dr. Cutler's lectures will be sure that this is a valuable practical work, one which, while it will unfold the structure of the human body in a clear and lucid manner, will also explain the laws of physiology, as far as is at present known, in a style that will make it both plain and interesting.

Every one should know something of his own system. It would lead him to a rational management of his health and faculties, and ensure him a greater measure of health and strength, and by consequence a stronger and more sound mind. We commend it to parents and teachers.

It is sold by D. C. Stanwood, Market Square, Augusta.

SIX BEST APPLES FOR THE CLIMATE OF BOSTON. Mr. B. V. French, a very observing and skillful pomologist of Braintree, Mass., in a communication to the Horticulturist, recommends where a person can have but six kinds of apples, to obtain the following: 1st, Early Harvest; 2d, Porter; 3d, Faneuse, (or Pomme du Neige of Downing's book); 4th, Rhode Island Greening; 5th, White Seeknother; 6th, Baldwin.

A DAY BEGINNING. We have, while writing this article, very good sleighing north of Augusta, and the weather is sufficiently cold; but the streams and springs are very low. Many wells in our vicinity are entirely dry.

We are sorry that our brother Jewell has met with loss and suspension of business, and bespeak for him the sympathies of the public. We are informed that there was but little insurance upon the property.

IT IS SOLD BY D. C. STANWOOD, MARKET SQUARE, AUGUSTA.

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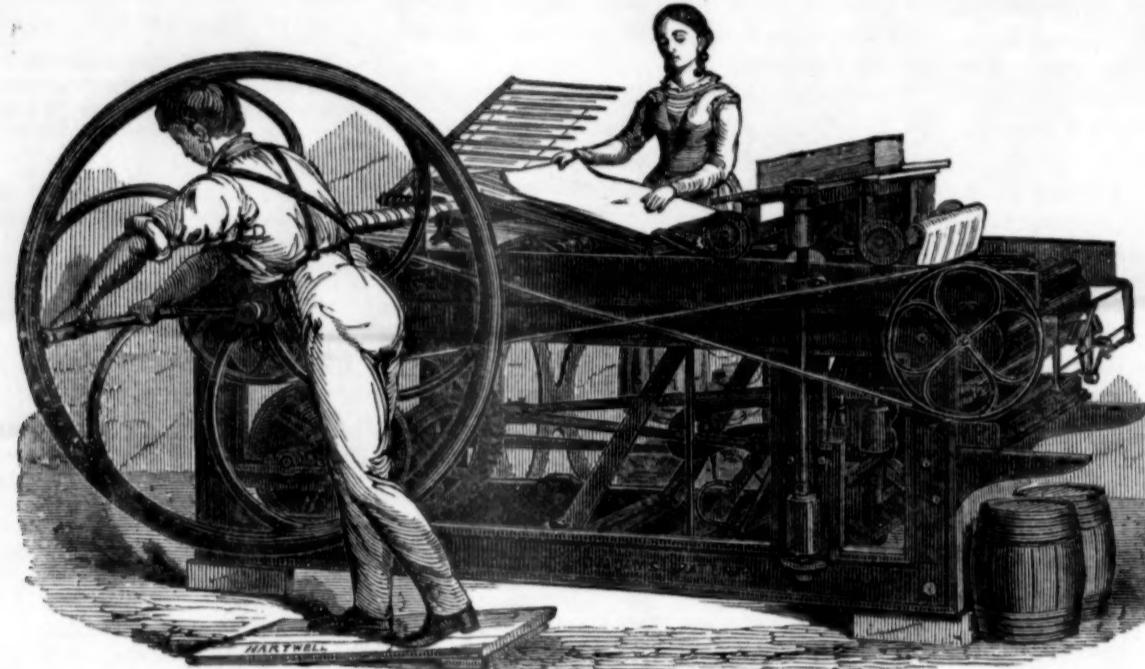
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THE NEW MACHINE
POETICAL ADDRESS
OF THE CARRIER BOY OF THE



MAINE FARMER.

THE NEWS BOY'S
ALMANAC,
1847.

Month	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Jan.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
Feb.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
Mar.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
Apr.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
May	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
June	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					

SCENE—*Maine Farmer Office. That—Near midnight of the last day of December, 1846. Robert at the wheel.*

I say, Jere, isn't this a little the slickest machine, that Boss has here?—cute, ain't it?—nothing like it in all these diggins, Jack, it's the embodiment of the greatest effort of human genius. Put a little oil on the judgegoes the main shaft. To-morrow is New Year's Day, and Robert must have his address, you know, burst up the old machine last year, and we will give the brace away. Trace away, Robert. Russ, put the index to the *dictactic*. We will give the *Publisc Song*, in two parts. Pull away, Robert, she opens like a book, and moves with the ease and grace of a school mar'm.

PUBLISHER'S SONG—Part I.

THESE are all the friends of useful arts
Who like to see the country flourish,
And love to aid whate'er imparts
The food which will our talents nourish;
The Publisher, with great deference,
Proposes every week to furnish
A weekly paper, whose appearance
Shall be like gold with highest burnish.
Large in its size, with newest type,
Bright from the Foundry of Curtis,
Full of true Printers' workmanship,
Now the *Publisc Song*, *Travers'* notice—
Of Agriculture—blessed art,
Which feeds our hungry mortal bodies,
And fills with gratitude the heart
To Ceres—the ancient farmer's goddess.
True art is ever active,
If in advance the sun be pale,
But, that the printer, too, may thrive,
He'll charge two dollars, if delayed.
That'll do, Robert—hold on a bit. Just shift the key up to the little bag point—put a little exhilarating gas into the hollow—turn strong and robustous, as much as to say, who but me?

Part II.

PUPILS OF THE COLORIFICATIVE.

Our readers need not be reminded
Of the rich feasts that we secure them,
For certainly they can't be blinded
To merits that appear before them.
The worldly wisdom, the *edit* wot,
We give the *Publisc*, free to the lover,
We'd say, if we were not so *meek*,
Is worth the price we ask, twice over.
We are the greatest and most glorious
Of all the sheets that christians publish;
We're the best, the most *eloquent*,
But truth you know—*slip-slap*,
Squeee—twice—*voo-oo-o-o-o*.

Hold on, Robert, the hand is off, and the gas is out.
Never wonder at it, if you grinn sickly.
Never mind, we'll haul on to the smaller pulley
to make her go faster—slide the key up to the *lively grievous*. Now for the Editor's song. Pitch to the tune,
Devil's Song. What does an Editor know about a shirt? He may have heard on 'em—don't believe he ever saw one. No matter—turn away, Robert.

EDITOR'S SONG.

At the *Song of the Shirt*.
Write, write, write,
Till the sun is hid in the West,
Till he comes again in the East.
An Editor's work is never done,
And piled his pen and his ink,
Till his eyes were red and his fire was dead,
And his brain would hardly think.
Write, write, write,
From Sabbath to Sabbath again,
And write, write, write,
With weary hand and pen.
An Editor's work is never done,
No time to stop or stop,
With a brain that is aching and nearly burst
And a devil a bawling to cop.

It's patroon dear, who the paper read,
O think of the Editor's load,
His breeches are worn, his coat gone to seed,
No pork to put in his pot.

He's got a load of complaints on trust,

And yet, without a crimp,

He's curst and puff'd and puff'd and curst,

And damn'd before his time.

Ye poor devils, who the paper read,

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